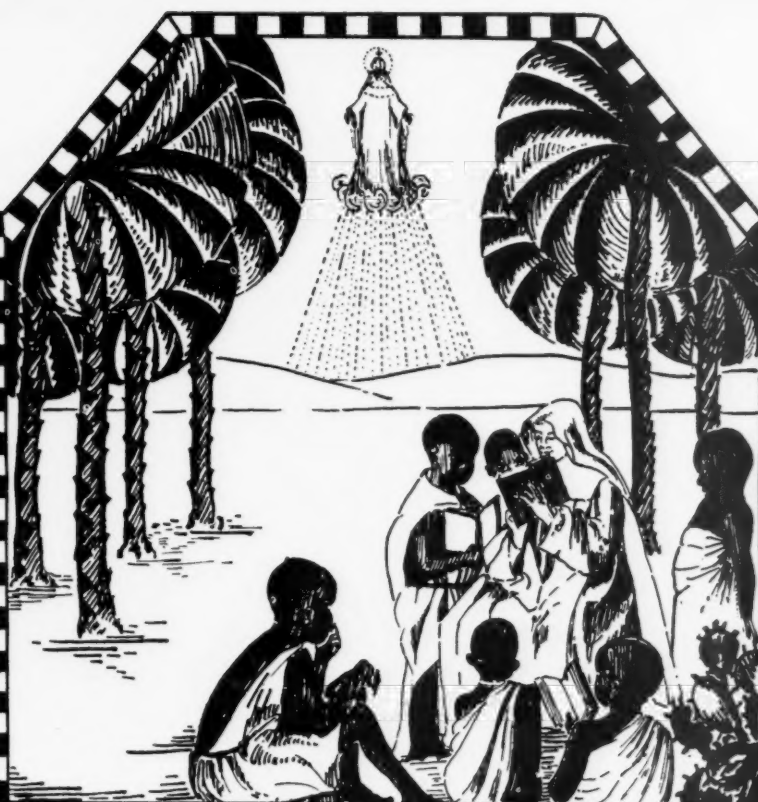




"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.
"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE



THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
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LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN, ✕ ✕ NEW JERSEY

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ MOSES E. KILEY,
Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

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For Information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

In The Soudan

TWILIGHT is falling. The last glories of the sunset are dying out. Bending over her rickety table the old Missionary Sister is wrapped up in her thoughts. Her eyes usually accustomed to rejoice in the beauties of nature, do not take notice of the moon beginning to play between the branches of the huge "dyala" opposite her window. Even the shrill cries of the little red bird hopping about the veranda do not disturb her reverie.

What is the ardent Missionary's anxiety? Is it an increase of work or the depressing climate that fatigues and enervates? Is it a deception or a bad news? Oh! no, she is used to all that. Long years spent in the Soudan have taught her to bear the burning wind from the desert, near by, the long tiring days and the seasons of sleepless nights. As to deception and want of success, the old Missionary Sister is persuaded that they are necessary when one works for God. What then!

What! Only a few minutes ago, the Apostolic Vicar of the Soudan, visited the little community of White Sisters at Segou. Sad at the prospect of the too restricted number of his apostolic workers, His Excellency spoke of the pressing needs of the Missions, of his projects for the future and of the necessity of increasing the works of charity.

Several White Fathers had to leave the Soudan to recover their impaired health. Those who remain are insufficient for the work. More Sisters are also needed. But alas! Every earnest desire, every plan to open new Missions and to develop the existing ones seem to disappear before the two specters of the Missions: *the want of Missionaries and the lack of means.*

Time waits for no one! Eternity begins for every one of these neglected souls that pass each day through its awful gate. "What are the workers waiting for, why do they not come?"

This is enough to cause despondency to a soul-thirsty heart who sees what could be done, if—if—. In this mood of thought lies the secret of the aged Sister's pensiveness.

To speak of Segou alone, how many little angels have flown to heaven since the Sisters have arrived! How much misery and pain alleviated by the daily visits to the native huts where the sick, surrounded with filth and squalor, with nothing but a dirty mat for a bed, are comforted by the Mission-

ary's help, her consoling words and by the hope of a better life to be opened to them by the sacrament of Baptism.

The natives have no pity for the sick and the aged whom they consider a burden. Therefore, they are abandoned and left to die. That is why, every now and then, repulsive sick persons, already at death's door, rejected and cast aside by all, come to the Mission claiming the shelter that, they feel certain, will not be refused.

"Away over there among the green trees are white women", they were told: "women who care for the afflicted; women who are always merciful."

And without knowing more, the unfortunate beings drag their weary limbs a long way in search of this refuge. After several days of suffering, brightened by the hope of a happy eternity they are given to

foresee, they peacefully pass away, after having asked for Baptism. The work of God! Yes, but God makes use of His creatures and He reserves enviable consolations for His Missionaries in their apostolic labors.

And the school! Who can gauge the amount of good wrought through it? Even the Mohammedans send their sons, and the pagans from the outlying villages come

in large numbers. Through the children we may reach the parents. They willingly come to us with their difficulties and call on us for their sick.

Above all we try to raise the minds of the children toward God, hoping there may be found some sacerdotal souls among them. Already, a few little boys with candid and pure characteristic appearances have confided in the Sister's ear: "Sister, I want to learn Latin because I want to be a priest."

Are not the children of today the future hope of the Mission and shall we ever adequately understand the importance of giving them a serious religious training?

At the workroom the girls find occupation until their marriage. From their tender age we try to initiate them to manual work according to their fitness. Owing to their love of liberty joined to the natural apathy of their black nature, it is not always an easy task. Little Mohammedans and pagans are among the workers. But we can only teach them, alas, only simple lessons in moral. We would like to hasten their conversion and see, at their neck,

(Continued on page 28)



Segou, the Soudan: Sisters' Convent

The Coronation of King Aloysius - Mivana - Kankuba

The King-Elect, his names.

THE NEW King is a tall, slim negro, with a light brown complexion. Although fifty years old, he is much younger in appearance.

(a) He is a good Christian, having chosen ST. ALOYSIUS as his Patron when baptized, twenty years ago.

(b) KANKUBA, which was given him at birth, is the name of his royal ancestors.

(c) MIVANA means "Supreme Master". When used, it is always joined to one of the other names.

(d) RUMALIZA stands for "annihilated" and was added to the three first names last year, when, at the death of his cousin Mivana Moliro, his predecessor on the throne, he felt quite sure he would never reign, but see his dynasty "annihilated".

(e) At the death of Mivana Moliro, the prime minister commanded Aloysius to be called KASAGULA, "One who removes obstacles" or, again, "Peacemaker", after his father.

(f) As a last name for the newly-crowned king, LUMULI, "Shining firebrand" was added.

May he truly be a light, guiding his people in the way of justice.

Preparing for the Coronation.

The ministers started their preparations by notifying Aloysius that Wakalagalila, his wife, was an obstacle to his being crowned, because she had belonged to his father, in fact, she had become Aloysius' property when he inherited all his royal father's riches, such as drums, horns, houses, banana plantations and goats.

The fact that Wakalagalila had been his father's property was an obstacle to her recognition as queen by the pagan subjects; however, the ministers testified that after the wedding ceremony, the bride and groom had legalized the bond by throwing flour on each other's heads, which means that whatever the number of wives, the one thus publicly honoured is acknowledged the lawful bride.

"Listen", said the Sultan, "my words will be few, and I shall say them but once:— I am a Christian. As a Catholic I promised to take this woman for my spouse, and, in the presence of God I vowed to keep her, only, for my wife. She shall be my Queen". "Then", answered one of the ministers, "you must pay us for the dispensation wanted for her". "You thieves! you mean to make me change my mind? You will get the price of the girl's dowry, but you will not trap me, I shall have Wakalagalila for my Queen". He at once paid the dowry to his wife's pagan parents. This obstacle to the coronation having been removed, the clang of the wrought iron bell resounded through the village, calling everyone to the feast.

The night preceding the coronation.

Night drew near, and as there is no twilight in our country, the preparations began about five o'clock P. M. lasting nearly the entire night. First the King's cook slaughtered seven goats, one sheep, and in-

numerable hens. All the fires had been put out, so one of the courtiers made a new one by the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together; from the sparks, fine straw was lighted. The fire was first used to roast the goats, and then taken to each household. Then one of the king's friends blindfolded him, four men carried him, with two others walking alongside, holding his hands. The queen, her hands also grasped by attendants, walked at his side. Thus they were taken to the hut of a bachelor, where they were closely followed by a band, — drums beating, women singing the choruses of war and hunting songs. The verses were short and the choruses oft-repeated.

Idimu yani, mayo, hamula banu.

Idimu yani, bagosya, yamula banu.

Makasangu, bagosya, zukumune.

Idimu yani yamula banu.

My spear, Mother, has done away with men.

My spear, men, has done away with men.

You crowds of men, come and see.

My spear has done away with men.

Thus, in the darkest of dark nights, lighted only by the flare of torches, while people danced and sang, the king and queen arrived at the appointed hut. Standing at the door with an imitation bamboo tray, one of the ministers received the presents of all who wished to enter, — a present being the price of admission. The hut was dimly lighted by logs burning and smoking on the ground. It looked like a corner of hell. The police finally drove all the ladies out of the hut, ticket or no ticket . . . the show might be too ghastly for them; they must hurry out before day-break.

In came Kasya, the guardian of the royal necropolis, the city of the dead kings, the secret hidden place where their skulls are kept. It was Kasya who was to crown and enthrone his new "Mivana". He carried a treasure and kneeling before the king-elect, he offered him, for veneration, the skull of his royal father Kasagula. The new king had to stare for some five minutes at the grinning,

(Kapulamsenga is a new capitol on K



King and Queen, C

Kuba - Rumaliza - Kasagula - Lumuli at Kapulamsenga

on Karema Island, Central Africa)

polished white bone, and then order it be returned whence it came.

The Coronation.

Morning came, without dawn, just as night came without twilight. The royal couple had their heads closely shaven, then Kasya came and assisted the king to don his regal attire. In front, from the neck down to the knees, he wore a piece of pleated white calico; on his back was fastened the skin of an antelope, so well tanned that it looked like satin;

nothing more, except a band of lion skin, binding both garments around the waist. Kasya, naturally was bound to admire the mind-elect in his glory; the crown, sceptre and throne were ready close by.

The crown had two parts; a heavy sea-shell, as big as a duck's egg, and the band which passed through it, a very narrow strip of lion skin. Kasya bound it around Aloysius Mivana's forehead, allowing the loose ends of the string to fall on his shoulders.

The sceptre was the late king's sword, which he must carry on every important occasion.

The throne was a low wooden seat, placed in the middle of a beautiful lion's skin. On the king's right was seated the queen; on his left stood his prime minister, wearing only a leopard's skin slung over his shoulder. Then for the first time, Aloysius heard his new royal name "Lumuli" (shining firebrand). Salaam! Long live the king! An excited and enthusiastic, joyous crowd took the king to his own house, his queen on his right, and his new prime minister on his left.

Salutes and Addresses.

Gently clapping his hands, each man, in turn, came quite near the Lumuli Mivana, and slowly stretched himself on the ground, flat on his stomach, while the king and queen

clapped their hands; the subject turned first on his left side, then on his right, as flat and as low as possible, then squatted on his heels to end his salute, as he began it, clapping his hands.

Standing at a short distance from the throne, the ladies clapped their hands for a few seconds, squat-

ted on the ground, hands, palm to palm in their laps. Very slowly the clasped hands are brought to the left side, then to the right, until the tips of the fingers touch the ground. When their Majesties thought they had had enough of it — and they seemed to enjoy it — they, in turn clapped their hands, at which time the ladies were allowed to rise and go.

The first one to talk to Lumuli was his uncle Kawikisya, so old that he was nearly blind, as well as being almost deaf. "Lord Lumuli", said he, "Remember, now that thou art King, the fame of thy ancestors, who were amiable, generous and loving toward their subjects and toward foreigners; that is why so many strangers have come and settled in our Country. Today, although thou art called Mivana (Supreme chief) remember thy debt to the White Fathers; how they granted their protection to thy father Kasagula; to them thou owest the peace, the prosperity we, thy people, enjoy today. And, although thou wearest a crown, do not forget that thou are yet below Paul Ulaya, chief of Karema, the one who represents the British Government and King George V. Now, give me a handsome present and let me go and have a good and plentiful dinner". This last sentence, in native literature is the customary termination of an address and is said with earnestness and conviction.

Next to speak to Lumuli was Muhubira, as old as Uncle Kawikisya, but a heavy, clumsy, worldly pagan. "Lord Mivana Lumuli", he said, "you start on the road to glory, may you be as rich as your fathers; mind you do not degenerate but come back to their way of living; and may you be wealthy enough to buy five, ten or even fifteen wives".

Tapaga and Kanywa, two priests of the pagan gods in the Land of Usoa came and payed the respects of their faithful, but they stood, proud and haughty before this king . . . a child whose grandmother was born in the Usoa plains . . . now a Christian . . . O ye gods!

The Royal Wishes.

All the hoes and all the seed for the season were brought and scattered before Lumuli; he sprinkled them with a mixture of flour and water to signify that he wished his people to see their fields well watered by the rain and fertile in flour, rice, potatoes and peanuts.

Thus, the day was spent. Kasya solemnly summoned his Majesty to buy an "entrance ticket" to the hut where the king's skulls were kept. He paid royally and was taken to the City of the Dead.

Perhaps this last visit was to remind Mivana Lumuli that despite an honored and happy life, he would, after death, have his head cut off, dried, polished and stored on a shelf near those of his ancestors.

LONG LIVE THE KING! but

SIC TRANSIT . . . Thus passes the glory of the world.

Dr. Adrian Atiman.

(Catechist of Karema Mission,
Tanganyika Territory.)



Central Africa

Only Inquisitive . . .

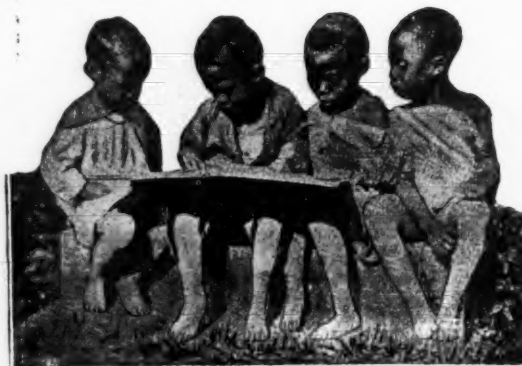
The Children— What are you looking at?

Jacobo— I was just looking to see if Mrs. X . . . had thought of paying her subscription to the "Messenger of Our Lady of Africa."

The Children— She is so zealous, this dear lady, we must remind her of it.

Jacobo— And to send an offering also, to buy clothes for my little brother who can not go to school nor church, because he has nothing to wear.

Make an Offering to Mary, our Mother, by renewing your subscription. Help the Missions by finding a new subscriber to the Magazine.



The Gekouyou

(Continued)

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Solemn Sacrifices. — Solemn sacrifices are attended by special rites. Only the heads of families may be present, whereas the whole family may witness those which are offered to the family spirits. Even the nurselings must attend for they also are subject to the evil influence of the spirits.

These great sacrifices are rare. In 1922, some twenty years after the last solemn sacrifice, there was a great need of another. It had been a dreadful year. Anthrax, unknown in this region until then, claimed many victims among the Gekouyous; the unsanitary conditions prevailing in the huts and the neglect of bodily cleanliness among the natives being important factors in the spread of the epidemic.

And at the same time the porcupines were destroying the crops and there was an invasion of white ants or termites as terrible as the ninth plague of Egypt.

A Council extraordinary was called, itself attended with semi-religious ceremonies, to decide on the measures to be taken to appease the anger of the great God, by a solemn sacrifice.

Every individual must be taxed ten cents to help to defray the expenses entailed.

A renowned witch-doctor was summoned from a great distance. His first action was to order a roast sheep which he devoured with his acolyte under the ungrudging eyes of the Gekouyous who readily supply these fakirs with anything they desire because they fear them even more than they do the evil spirits.

The crowd is closely packed together. A long procession of Negroes follows the witch-doctor. The acolyte heads the march, carrying a burning fagot which has been lighted at the moment of departure while the sorcerer is making incantations. This fagot must be kept burning. The witch-doctor scatters right and left something that looks like ashes, as a blessing on the earth, then the procession returns to the starting point after a march of an hour.

Then the acolyte hands the fagot to the master-of-ceremonies. He extinguishes and grinds the softer part of it with some special clay, some white ants and other ingredients known to him alone. Each family is given some of this powder wrapped in a leaf. The housewife must put some of this powder in the water the first time she draws some.

On the day of the sacrifice no one may enter or leave the circle consecrated by the blessing of the ashes. If any one were to do so the charm would be broken.

No more sickness, no more famine, no more porcupines, no more white ants! Health, prosperity, abundance, fruitfulness during four years — on the word of a sorcerer!

This time the natives feared that the daring incredulity of the Sisters would interfere with the success of the proceedings, so two messengers were sent to us, asking us and the Christians who

had not taken part in the sacrifice, not to cross the bridge over the river. A sentry stood near the bridge so that no one might cross the Calimeno until sundown. As one may see, it was a formal occasion.

An interesting feature of these sacrifices is that each one of those present takes part in the sacrifice and receives a share of it, it is a kind of communion. After a portion has been set aside for God or for the spirits, the remainder of the sacrificial victim is eaten on the spot. Nothing must be left. I cannot truthfully say that the Negroes are led by their finer feelings to offer the choicest meat to God.

Alas! meat is so scarce that the offering will be of the smallest and of the most inferior quality. It will be hung to a sacred tree where some night God or the spirits will come and take it away. If the meat were still there in the morning it would be a very bad omen. It would mean that their sacrifice had not been accepted.

Another heathen procession recalls our Rogation ceremonies in that its aim is to implore the Deity to grant the fruitfulness of the earth.

The inhabitants of several villages unite and then disperse towards the four points of the compass. At a given signal the four sacrifices begin at once. The head-man of each group slays the sheep and roasts the flesh over a small fire. The fire need but touch it. While this is going on, the old women chant continually in a loud voice: "God have mercy on us, send us rain." The skin of the animal is cut into strips and given to the children; it is a protection against accidents and it is worn on the wrist, or, if long enough, around the neck.

The sacrifice may be merely commemorative. In this case it is not meant to avert a plague but only to prove to the spirits that they are not forgotten. The prayer this time, though not expressed is: "Leave us in peace."

An old man, one day, said to a Sister who was questioning him: "We offer sacrifices to God who rules the world to acknowledge our weakness and lowliness, we who transgress His laws. Blood must be shed to expiate our sins, so we slay a sheep that his blood may pay for our sins and placate the wrath of God."

How many free-thinkers might learn a lesson of wisdom from these primitive savages.

The Gekouyous have their own version of the Creation and history of the world. Here it is in its distorted form:

At the beginning God created a man and a woman. Three sons were born of this union. When the young men were come of age they were given the choice of a stick, a knife with which to dig the ground and an anvil. To him who chose the stick the father gave his flocks. To him who chose the knife he gave his fields to till, and the third became a blacksmith and a hunter.

These young men also became fathers of families and they

taught their sons their different trades. This generation, having become very numerous, separated into three groups and founded a little kingdom in the African brush. These were the ancestors of the three tribes: Massias, Gekouyou and Dorobos.

One day God resolved to put the human race to the test. He said to Le Eyo, the eldest of the three brothers:

"One of your children will die, that is to say he will cease to live. Take his body and throw it into the brush, saying:

"Man must die but he shall rise again,

"The moon will die and will never appear again."

God was mistaken. He sent death to take a son of the youngest son. Le Eyo, who did not want his dead nephew to profit by God's prophecy for his own son, altered the word of God, saying over the corpse:

"Man must die and will never appear again,

"The moon will die and it will rise again."

For this disobedience he was punished by being made powerless as he stood by his son's lifeless body. All the woes of humanity, sickness, and plagues, and death came into the world as a punishment for the sin of the first-born of all mortals.

Man who was not meant to die, dies and the moon which was to die rises every night.

The violation of the laws of the decalogue, written by God in every heart, does not trouble the Gekouyou unless his sins come to light. Some years ago, a young shepherd stole a fine axe and hid it in a field, with the intention of returning during the night to take it away. As luck would have it, it was accidentally dug up by a workman in the field. Rocho was accused. His father, having been advised of the fact, appeared on the scene with a thick cudgel and gave him such a beating that only the intervention of the Sisters saved the boy from death. The indignant father had a far worse record to show . . . but the unfortunate young man had made the mistake of being careless. It is safe to bet that when he was alone with his son he admonished him in this fashion: "Why did you let yourself be caught. Beware that it does not happen again."

This tricky habit of secret ill-doing and of recognizing a fault as wrong only when it comes to the knowledge of others, makes of the Gekouyou a hypocrite in all his words and actions.

In a word, the only laws which must be respected for fear of severe punishment are those which are dictated by the ancestral customs, guarded by the elders and faithfully transmitted by local tradition from generation to generation.

SORCERY AND SORCERERS

If any sentiment of piety towards God awakens in the heathen soul, it is suppressed: "God is good. It is his duty to care for you, let him be. The spirits are evil, offer your sacrifices to them to propitiate them." This is the creed of the sorcerer.

As we have said, when describing the sacrifices, the sorcerer is also the priest, he offers the sacrifice.

He is also a soothsayer and a doctor, but above all, he is a conjurer.

Is the sorcerer in league with the devil? Who would dare assert it? Things have been done however, which give evidence of something beyond juggling and charlatanism.

In his role of soothsayer, the sorcerer will predict: to one, a misfortune, to another, he will reveal the spot where some lost object may be found, or the comings and goings to of a third. Through one of his associates, he will have heard that he is to be consulted on a certain matter which he proceeds to investigate secretly so that he may be prepared to satisfy his client.

The prestige of the sorcerers is indiscutible and invulnerable. Their word is law.

It is because of their influence that the Gekouyou's fear of the "Ngoma" (spirits) prevails over their natural common sense.

Let us see how the sorcerer proceeds in the detection of criminals.

A native, whom we employed as a laborer, came to us one

day, trembling with fear. He had been accused of murdering a woman known to us who lived in the vicinity. The husband of the victim had sought out the sorcerer that he might learn from him who was the author of the supposed crime. The "mogo" (sage) after having made some cabalistic signs, picked up an ordinary piece of wood and consulted it, then holding it to his ear, he listened. "Is it such a one?" "No." "Is it such another?" "No." Until the name of our laborer was mentioned, when it answered: "Yes." From this moment the poor man lived in terror of death not even daring to touch any food lest it be poisoned.

Sorcery is also curative.

I once asked a sorcerer if he had a cure for every disease. He promptly said he had. "Then," said I, "what do you prescribe for a cold in the head?" "That," he answered, "is a fever, you must get it out of the body. I make the patient vomit."

Let us see what his methods are. This cure is very frequently used: you can hardly go any distance from the village without seeing a negro who is being encouraged or forced to vomit by the sorcerer.

The patient is led beyond the precincts of the village. The witch-doctor first sets down his portable pharmacy . . . this consists of many small containers mostly horns of animals, which he spreads out on the ground. These contain the ash of certain trees, clay from some special spot, dried herbs and many other things of more or less questionable medicinal value, such as powdered sheep dung.

Into a wooden bowl the witch-doctor solemnly throws a small quantity of each ingredient, adds some water to these, some fresh sheep dung and mixes the whole. Three branches from three different trees serve as a sprinkler. It is the aspersorium.

The patient who is a victim of his sins is seated before the sorcerer. If he is too weak to sit up alone, his friends assist him.

The sorcerer mumbles some unintelligible formula. He dips the sprinkler into the thick mess and brushes the patients' back which is to draw out the poison, then the chest and the forehead are treated likewise. He now pronounces this exhortation: "May the sin of having broken the saucepan leave your body!"

And he thrusts into the patient's mouth a goat's hoof dipped in the miraculous mixture. This has the desired effect and the patient expectorates into a banana leaf which serves as a basin.

This operation is repeated as often as it may please the "mogo" to do so and every time the patient expectorates he rids himself of a sin.

This lasts for about an hour. If the patient is the mother of a family, all the children, having participated in her sin, must be treated with the emetic. Only the father is exempt.

Can you picture five or six little children wracked with the efforts of vomiting and showing all the symptoms of an acute attack of whooping-cough. Even the doctor must be tired after his day's work, but he is not to be pitted as his compensation will consist of the main part of the sheep which will be offered as a sacrifice of propitiation. He will be ready to repeat the ceremony the next day.

The sins which cause sickness and which necessitate the intervention of the "mogo" are, among others:

A man shaves his wife's head.

A man carries a baby on his back.

To step over a prostrate human body.

To mistake one door for another, to sleep out of doors, to trip and fall full length.

To see a serpent or a toad.

To throw earth at a person.

To break a saucepan.

If a child climbs on the roof of his father's hut.

If a housewife sees a scum on the pot of boiling potatoes.

Etc. etc. To wipe out these sins and many others besides the sorcerer must use his occult powers.

(To be continued)



The Witch Doctor

Mother Sees Son's Body Transferred



Guy on his deathbed

the boy's life and his eyes were open and still held their bright color.

The identification by physicians in the presence of the family, ecclesiastical authorities and professors of the Grand Seminary, was made in the chapel before the seals were placed on the new casket. This ceremony is the natural procedure in the closing of the information process opened in the Diocese of Valence at the same time as that in Paris. The documents will now be sent to Rome to be examined by the Congregation of Rites.

The body of Guy de Fontgalland, the 11-year old boy who died in the odor of sanctity January 24, 1925, has been exhumed at Die, a town in the diocese of Valence, France, and transported to Valence, where it was placed in a small chapel in the crypt of the Grand Seminary. The body was found in practically the same condition as when it was buried twelve years ago. The skin had turned slightly yellow, but the eyebrows and eyelashes were the same as during

Since the death of Guy de Fontgalland, his reputation has spread through the entire world. His family has received more than 30,000 letters from persons unknown to them regarding the boy. Some two million and a quarter people have petitioned the Holy Father for his beatification. Many of these names are sent from Guy's bureau from Metuchen, N. J.

It is customary to do nothing further about the Cause until ten years have elapsed; but it is just possible the Holy Father may prescribe an exception here, as he did in the case of the Little Flower.

Mother Describes Scene

After she had gone through the ordeal of standing by the grave and seeing again after 12 years the body of her little son, the Comtesse de Fontgalland wrote to a friend: "As I watched the ceremony, Guy entered my soul to strengthen me. It was his presence and his strength that enabled me to remain standing on my feet all during the ceremony."

The beatification of this youth will be a great encouragement to hundreds of school children when they learn that Guy was a rather ordinary child in most respects, and that he was always at the foot of his class in school.

A Bureau has been established at the White Sisters' Convent, 319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, New Jersey, in favor of Guy de Fontgalland's Cause.

Relics are sent to those who ask for them and send a stamped-addressed envelope. Literature, pictures, medals and petitions to the Holy Father asking for the beatification of Guy are also available.

Favors obtained through the intercession of this little child are asked to be reported to the Bureau.

Acknowledgements

St. Francis de Sales School, Detroit, Michigan.

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET

Holy Masses	950	Acts of Self-Denial	715
Holy Communions	400	Hours of Silence	460
Spiritual Communions	475	Aspirations	25,500
Visits	789	Our Fathers	1,200
Stations	225	Hail Marys	1,200

For the ransom of African Girls

St. Paul Cathedral High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For the adoption of an African baby

Holy Trinity School, Detroit, Michigan.

To support a leper

Anon., Detroit, Mich.

FROM DETROIT, MICHIGAN TO AFRICA.

St. Thomas School, Detroit, Michigan.

May 10, 1936.

Dear little brothers and sisters in Christ:

You ought to see how hard the children of St. Thomas School are trying to make the show given for your benefit a success. Here is one of the many stories:

A little boy was so eager to make every child go to the show, that he let Sister put his hair up in rags and have his face colored. Then he went from room to room urging the children to go to the show. He told those children who were going to the show to stand up. He told these that dear Jesus in Heaven would be sure to bless them and help them in their studies.

Then he told those who were not going to stand up. He told them how hungry you poor little children are, and asked them why they weren't going. He told them that they should be ashamed of themselves, not to try to help you to know a lot about Jesus.

Aren't you glad that the kind White Sisters are so good as to bring movies of you, to get some money to help you to know and love Jesus, just like we do?

I hope that the show is a great success and that the money the Sisters get will help you very, very, much.

Your sisters and brothers in Christ,

The Little Missionaries of St. Thomas School.

IN THE SOUDAN

(Continued from page 23)

a cross instead of amulets. Oh yes, we hope the Soudan will soon be won over; but Missionaries are needed!

The natives must be taught to know and love God and live according to His will; they must be taught the necessity of work and discipline. The little children who have not yet been tainted by Mohammedanism must be kept intact. The women must find help and consolation. In a word, the whole country must be brought under the reign of Christ our King.

Who would not like to help? Who would reject the great happiness of being a Missionary?

Sr. Marie Rodriguez, W. S.

* * * *

FRIENDS INVITED

JUNE 11th, CORPUS CHRISTI.

On June 11th, 1936, Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in honour of the feast of Corpus Christi, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a sermon and benediction will be held on the grounds at the White Sisters' Convent, Metuchen, N. J.

Friends and members of Our Lady of Africa Mission Guild are cordially invited.

OBITUARY

Kindly remember in your prayers

Sister Marie Julienne, White Sister Bukoba, Africa.

* Sister Marie St. Agide, White Sister, St. Charles, Algiers.

Rev. Auguste Madeleine, White Father, Pau, France.

Rev. Joseph Vandermeiren, White Father, Bruges, Belgium

Rev. C. Chambard, Brunswick, Maine.

Sister Francois Marie, Birmandries, Algiers.

Sister Michael, Birmandries, Algiers.

Mr. Frederick Gabel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

